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THOUGHTS IN VERSE
FOR
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN

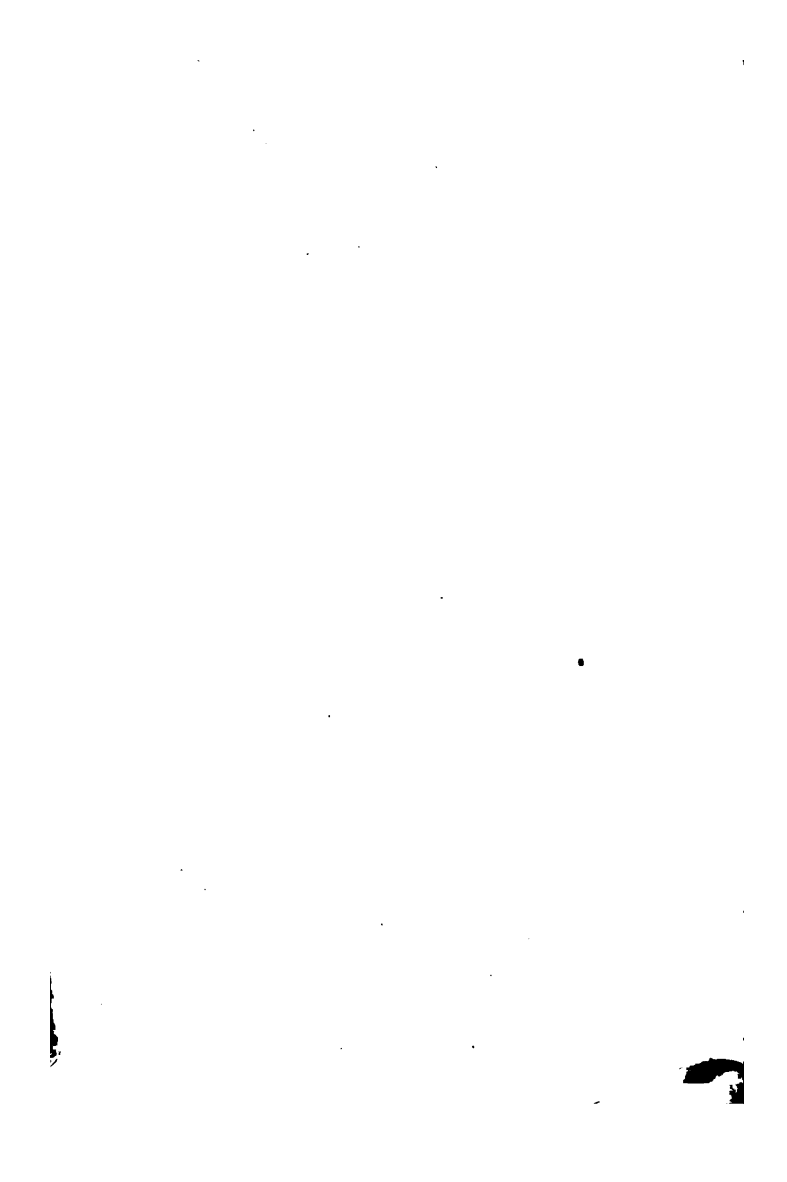
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THOUGHTS IN VERSE

FOR

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME; AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY
SHALL FIND ME."—*Prov. viii., 17.*

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

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E. C.



TO
THE CHILDREN
WHOSE MERRY THOUGHTS AND WORDS
HAVE OFTEN GLADDENED MY HEART,
THESE GRAVER THOUGHTS
ARE IN RETURN
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
Dedicated.

J B.

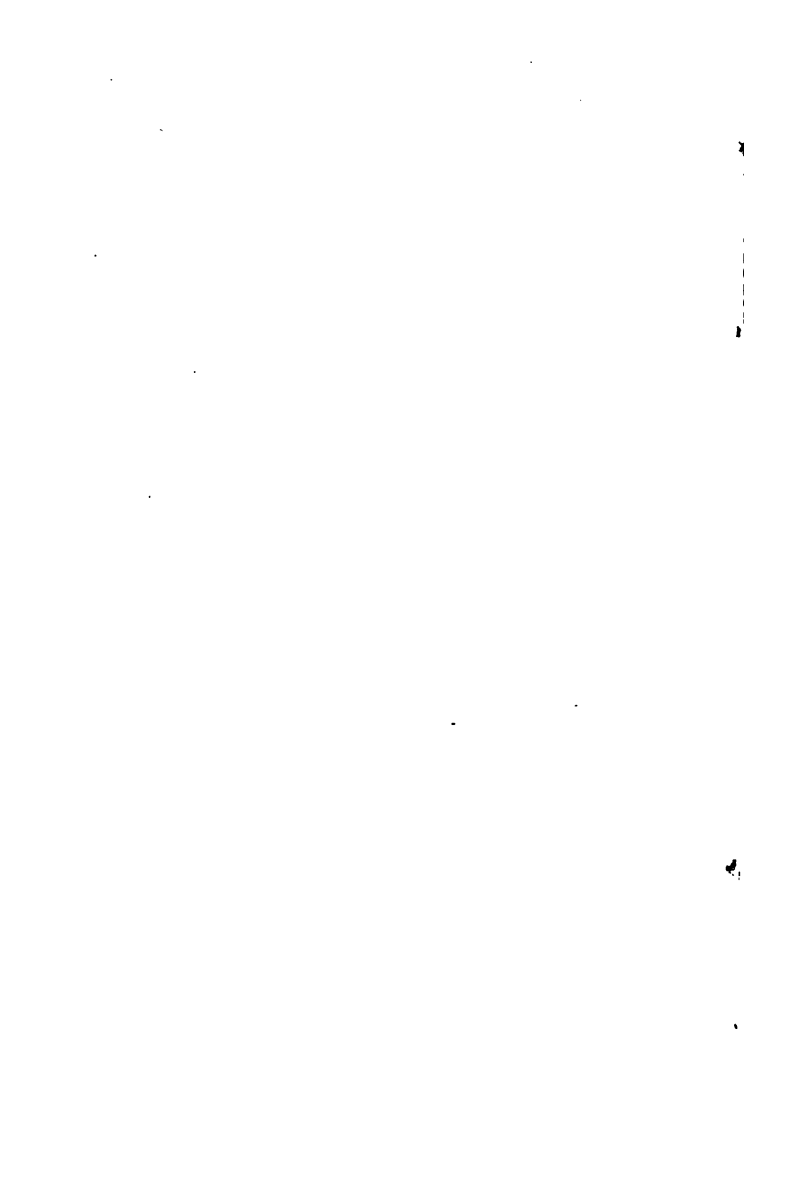


NOTICE TO SECOND EDITION.

ON the first publication of this little book, the writer requested me to give it my sanction as a Clergyman of the Church of England. The rapid sale of the first Edition fully justifies the opinion I then expressed of its merits, and proves that it has met a want which has been long felt. In the present Edition the book is much enlarged. Several new Poems have been added, and the others revised, and in some instances improved. The new Poems are quite equal to the former ones, and will, I hope, be as favourably received.

JOHN PURTON.

OLDBURY RECTORY,
April 10th, 1860.



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Thoughts in Verse
FOR
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

The Love of Christ.

“GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT A MAN LAY
DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS.”—John xv., 13.

Thou often hear of Jesus, dear,
But do you love Him too?
He left His Father's happy home,
And came to die for you—
That home where sorrow never comes,
Where sin is all unknown,
Where angels fly to do His will,
And worship round His throne.

He came into this world of sin,—
Oh, what a change from heaven!
Such love no earthly friend can give
As Jesus Christ has given.

He took the nature of a child,
And childish sorrows knew ;
Was scourged, and suffered cruel wrong,
And death itself, for you.

Yes, for your sins He bore the cross,
Though not for your's alone,
A mother loves each little child
As if she had but one ;
And so the Saviour loves us all
With more than mother's love,
And died that we might live with Him
In His own home above.

Oh wonderful, most wonderful,
The love of Christ our Lord !
For ever and for ever, be
His blessed name adored !
Let us, then, love Him fervently,
And freely give Him all,—
Our time, our talents, and our hearts,
Our best, however small.

The Child's Difficulty.

"WHOM, HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE."—1 Peter i., 8.

I wish to love my blessed Lord,
I know He died for me ;
But sometimes it seems hard to love
One whom we cannot see.
Will you not tell me, dear mamma,
How best I may incline
My heart to love that Saviour dear
Who gave His life for mine ?

You cannot do it of yourself ;
The very will to love
Is one of those most precious gifts
Which come from God above ;
And He who gives the earnest wish
Will not withhold the power,
If, trusting in His promised help,
You seek it hour by hour.

And you must read the history
Of how He lived on earth ;
Read of His tender thought and care
For her who gave Him birth.
Think how, in weariness and pain,
He minister'd to men ;
Oh, meditate upon His life,
And you will love Him then.

Remember, He is still the same,
As faithful, good, and kind,
As when He raised the dead to life,
And cured the sick and blind.
And though you cannot see Him now,
Or hear His gentle words,
No earthly presence is so near
As your ascended Lord's.

He listens to the very thoughts
That stir within your heart ;
In every sorrow that you have,
He bears a brother's part.
And you may speak to Him in prayer,
And tell Him all you feel ;

His human heart will sympathize,
His loving touch will heal.

Ask for His guidance—He will choose
The best and safest way ;
He will direct your steps aright,
And hear you when you pray ;
Till in the fulness of His love
All earthly sorrows cease,
And in His everlasting arms
You find eternal peace.

Self-Denial.

" THEN SAID JESUS UNTO HIS DISCIPLES, IF ANY MAN WILL COME
AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS,
AND FOLLOW ME."—Matt. xvi., 24.

Our Saviour pleasèd not Himself,
His was no life of ease ;
And all who bear His name must seek
Him, not themselves, to please.

Thrice happy they, who, following
The way in which He led,
Deny themselves, and willingly
The path of suffering tread.

Yes, we must daily bear our cross,
We must not shrink from pain,
If, in a better world than this,
We hope with Him to reign.

Our first desire must ever be
To glorify the Lord,
To crucify the flesh, and live
Obedient to His word.

It is not easy so to live :
His holy will requires
That we control our very thoughts,
And check all wrong desires.

Yet, let us never be afraid,
Strength will be surely given ;
And on the path of duty shines
A beacon-star from heaven.

Sunshine and Rain.

"THE RAIN COMETH DOWE, AND THE SNOW FROM HEAVEN, AND
RETURNETH NOT THITHER, BUT WATERETH THE EARTH, AND
MAKETH IT BRING FORTH AND BUD, THAT IT MAY GIVE SEED
TO THE SOWER, AND BREAD TO THE EATER."—Isaiah lv., 10.

God sends the sunshine and the rain,
Each has its work to do ;
And while we love the sunny days,
We need the dark ones too.

Clouds drop in blessings on the earth,
Quickening this world of ours ;
Where would its life and verdure be,
Without the freshening showers ?

Even the stormy wind and hail,
The mist, and driving snow,
Has each its mission to fulfil,
Of which we little know.

So, Christian child, it is not meet,
In this, *thine* earthly life,
That thou should'st be exempt from pain,
Trouble, and inward strife.

The gentle tears of penitence
Must water well thy heart ;
The heavy thunder-cloud of grief
Must do its painful part.

The storm of strong temptation, too,
Must bravely be withstood,—
And if, throughout, thou standest firm,
It can but work thy good.

Let us remember, then, who sends
Our bright and sadden'd hours ;
And, while we love the sunshine best,
Still praise Him for the showers.

Truth.

**"AND THAT YE PUT ON THE NEW MAN, WHICH AFTER GOD IS CREATED
IN RIGHTEOUSNESS AND TRUE HOLINESS."—Eph. iv., 24.**

Be honest, Christian children,
In every word and deed ;
Oh love the truth, and keep it,
Then you are rich indeed.
Its purity will hallow
The precious days of youth :
Remember, oh, remember
The holiness of Truth.

There is an Evil Spirit,
Who tries to catch away
This jewel from your keeping,
And lead you far astray.
Resist the first temptation,
Speak not an untrue word ;
Look up for help and guidance
To your Almighty Lord.


He will give strength to conquer,
 However hard the strife ;
Only be brave, and wrestle
 As for your very life.
For if you lose this treasure,
 Who can restore anew
The blessing you have forfeited,
 A conscience light and true ?

One false word casts a shadow,
 Like clouds before the rain,
And nothing but confession
 Will make all clear again.
Dear children, if this shadow
 Should ever fall on you,
Disperse it in a moment ;
 Have courage to be true.

Confess your sin ;—the effort
 Will bring its own reward :
Your conscience will be lighten'd,
 Your peace of mind restored.
Let not a falsehood darken
 The sunny days of youth :
Remember, oh, remember
 The holiness of Truth.

The Faded Flower.

"WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THE WATER THAT I SHALL GIVE HIM
SHALL NEVER THIRST."—John iv., 14.

ome wild anemones of spring
Were gather'd fresh and fair,
And placed within my room to yield
Their store of blessing there.

I gave them water in a vase,
And raised above the rest
One that, in form and colour, seem'd
The fairest and the best.

They bloom'd in beauty, every one,
Except my favourite flower :
Alas ! it was too high to share
The water's quickening power.

And soon it hung its drooping head,
As smitten in its pride :
The fairest of my woodland friends
For want of water died.

It said,—if ever flower could speak,—
“Oh, look, and learn of me ;
All Christian graces wither, too,
Without humility.

“The heavenly water which sustains
Your spirit day by day
Is given to the lowliest,
Who kneel and humbly pray.

“But if, by your uplifted heart,
That boon is put aside,
Be sure that you will share my fate,
And perish through your pride.”

The House of Prayer.

“THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.”—Hab. ii., 20.

With gentle, reverent step,
Approach the house of prayer :
Remember, Christian child,
The Lord, thy God, is there.

Kneel down, and close thine eyes,
And lift thy thoughts above,—
Ask for a blessing first
From Him whose name is Love.

Then in His service join
With undivided heart :
In tones subdued and low,
Take thine appointed part.

Join in the hymn of praise,
Join in the words of prayer,
Remembering, all the time,
The Lord, thy God, is there,—

The same, who, when on earth,
Loved children such as thee,
Who took them in His arms,
And bless'd them tenderly.

He waits to bless thee now,
In His own house of prayer :
Be thankful, Christian child,—
The Lord, *thy* God, is there.

The Spirit of the Morning.

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."—Psalms xxx., 5.

Be cheerful in the morning,
And greet the opening day
With tuneful voice and sunny smile,
And spirits light and gay.

No fretfulness in rising,
No cross repining words,
Or we shall be rebuked indeed
By flowers and singing birds.

These welcome in the morning,
Each in its own sweet way :
With brightest looks and merriest songs,
They hail the new-born day.

And shall not *Christian* children
With thankful hearts awake,
To echo back the harmonies
Which Nature's children make?

The Narrow Way.

"I AM THE LORD THY GOD WHICH TEACHETH THEE TO PROFIT, WHICH
LEADETH THEE BY THE WAY THAT THOU SHOULDEST GO."—Isaiah
xlviii., 17.

Take the right way, however hard
Or wearisome it be ;
There is a Friend to help thee there,
A voice to comfort thee ;

An arm so strong, it will protect
From every cruel foe,—
So gentle, it will bear thee up
In hours of pain and woe ;

A voice so kind, it will sustain
Thy spirit in distress :
"Fear not, for I am with thee still,
To comfort and to bless."

Oh, those who in a troubled hour
Have lean'd upon that arm,
Who know the power of that still voice,
To soothe them in alarm,

Will not forego the loving care
Of such a faithful Friend,
Will follow in His steps, and trust
His guidance to the end.

Then suffer not thy feet to tread
Upon forbidden ground :
Keep the right path—in that alone
True safety may be found.

Another way perchance appears
More pleasant to the eye ;
But trust not to thy feeble sight—
Its end is misery.

It may not seem to take thee far
Out of the narrow road ;
But, oh, beware of the first step
That leads away from God !

The Child and the Harebell.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."—Matt. vi., 28.

CHILD.

Little harebell, fragile flower,
Thou art passing fair ;
Wherefore is thy dwelling-place
On the mountain bare ?

It is hard to live alone
By the world unseen ;
Thou so very beautiful,
Fit to be a queen !

Autumn's winds are bleak and cold,
Autumn's skies are dreary ;
Summer days would suit thee best,
Sunny skies and cheery.

Thou art not of sturdy growth
Like the purple heather :
How canst thou, poor flower, endure
Stormy wind and weather ?

HARBELL.

I am happy, little child,
On the mountain drear :
God has given each his place ;
He has set me here.

And though far from human ken,
I am never lonely :
Think not that we live and bloom
For man's pleasure only.


When the storm is fierce and loud,
God provideth for me :
I but bow my little head
Till it passes o'er me.

Rest in thy Creator, child,
In the hour of sorrow :
He has cared for thee to-day,
Trust Him with the morrow.

The Faithful Dog.

“ASK NOW THE BEASTS, AND THEY SHALL TEACH THEE.”—

Job xii, 7.

 dog may many a lesson give
To his superior, Man ;
For does not good example preach
Better than mortals can ?

I met old Neptune wearied quite ;
His steps were homeward turn'd ;
And much he long'd for the repose
Which he had fairly earn'd.

I tried to tempt him on again
To bear me company ;
But my caresses were in vain—
He would not follow me.

Hark ! now another well-known voice
Upon his ear doth fall :
His brightening eyes reveal at once
It is his master's call.

And see, he turns—the late fatigue
Is thought upon no more,
And he has given up the rest
So coveted before.

No selfish thoughts deter him now,
No weariness impedes ;
With willing step he follows on
Where'er his master leads.

Oh, may I learn of thee, good dog,
To know my Master's call,
And, though it lead in weary paths,
To follow Him through all !

Trust.

"I WILL TRUST, AND NOT BE AFRAID."—Isaiah xlii., 2.

I will not be afraid at night,
When all alone I lie,
And darkness takes the place of light ;
For God is nigh.

His sheltering arm supports my head,
And lovingly He keeps
A constant watch around my bed ;
God never sleeps.

I will not be afraid of death
Whenever it draws near :
Christ will receive my parting breath ;
Why need I fear ?

Has He not promised to prepare
A place for me in heaven ?
And He will come and take me there ;
His word is given.

Then one thing only will I fear,—
The very thought of sin :
Give me, O Lord, a heart sincere,
And peace within.

Preserve me from the tempter's power,
Be nigh to succour me ;
And give me wisdom, hour by hour,
To trust in Thee.

Responsibilities.

"CAST YE THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT INTO OUTER DARKNESS."

—Matt. XXV., 30.

Have you read of the servant who hid in the
earth

The talent his master had given,
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth,
He ought to have faithfully striven?

My child, you have talents,—God gave them to
you,

And will surely require them again :
Take care not to waste them ; if ever so few,
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have *speech* ; then remember to watch your
words well,

And let them be gentle and kind ;
It may seem a small matter, but no one can
tell

The comfort a word leaves behind.

You have *time* ; every minute and hour of the
day

Is lent by your Father in heaven :
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
This talent so graciously given.

You have *influence*, too, though it seems very
small,

Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all
With whom you may happen to be.

And the child who in earnest endeavours to live
As an heir of eternity ought,
By his silent example a lesson may give,
Which by words he could never have taught.

Then consider the talents entrusted to you,
And may they be duly improved ;
Let your service be hearty and free, as is due
From children so greatly beloved.

Our Christian Name.

"I HAVE CALLED THEE BY THY NAME; THOU ART MINE."

—Isaiah xliii, 1.

Long before our infant voices
Could be taught to frame a prayer,
To God's house our parents took us,
To receive His blessing there.

As on earth the Saviour kindly
Bless'd those little ones of old,
So He gently smiled upon us—
Gather'd us within His fold.

We are His, and His for ever,
If our Shepherd we obey,—
If we strive to keep the promise
Made on our baptismal day.

Oh, how sweet to call Him "Father!"
And to know that even here
We are members of His household,
Nurtured in His faith and fear!

May we live as Christian children !
May it be our earnest prayer,
Daily to become more worthy
Of the Holy Name we bear !

The Spirit of Christ's Children.

"HEREBY WE KNOW THAT HE ABIDETH IN US, BY THE SPIRIT
WHICH HE HATH GIVEN US."—1 John iii., 24.

Cheerful and happy
Thy children should be,
Ever confiding,
Dear Saviour, in Thee.
No trial or danger
We ever need fear,
Since all turn to blessings
When Thou, Lord, art near ;
And sorrow itself
Is a friend in disguise,
To make us more holy,
More trusting, and wise.

Loving and lovely
Thy children should be,
Evermore striving
To imitate Thee,—
Soothing the weary,
Consoling the poor,
Helping each other
Life's ills to endure ;
Caring for all men,
And leading the way
To the kingdom where darkness
Is turn'd into day.

Holy and harmless
Thy children should be,
Looking towards heaven
And leaning on Thee ;
Faithful in duty,
And earnest in prayer,
Willing the cross
Of the Saviour to bear ;
Shrinking from nothing
Which ought to be done,
Nor wishing for rest
Till the victory's won.

The Skylark.

"SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE."—Col. iii., 1.

Upward, ever upward,
Singing as he flies,
Does not yonder skylark
Bid my soul to rise ?
Bid me on faith's pinions
Pierce the clouds of sight,
And to realms of glory
Take an upward flight ?

Singing, ever singing,
Tuneful notes of praise,
May I strive to follow
In the skylark's ways !
Prizing much the treasures
Of my earthly nest,
Yet above them rising
For more perfect rest !

The Up-hill Path.

"COME YE, AND LET US GO UP TO THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD, TO THE HOUSE OF THE GOD OF JACOB; AND HE WILL TRACE US OF HIS WAYS, AND WE WILL WALK IN HIS PATHS."—Isaiah li., 3.

Fresher and purer,
The higher we go,
The air is less clear
In the valley below.
'Tis wearisome climbing,
But though we may tire,
Oh, let us mount upward,
Still higher and higher!

The pathway of duty
Is often up-hill,
But happy the children
Who walk in it still!
There's pleasure in striving
To do what is right:
It makes the heart happy,
The countenance bright.

In climbing a mountain,
The higher we go,
New beauties arise
In the landscape below ;
So, even this world
Is made fairer by duty,
And, rising above it,
We see its true beauty.

Each step brings us nearer
To Him whom we love ;
He is drawing us on
To our bright home above.
Then let us not linger
Or faint by the way,
But heartily strive
His kind voice to obey.

We are never alone,
For our Saviour is near,
To help and to guide us,
To counsel and cheer :
He will give us the strength
That our souls most desire ;
Then let us mount upward,
Still higher and higher.

Thanksgiving in Sickness.

"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."—Psalm xxxiv., 1.

Let me praise the great Creator,
Who in mercy makes me ill :
Oh that I could meekly suffer
In obedience to His will !
Hallelujah !
Praise the Lord who loves me still !

God, the Father, watches o'er me,
Full of pity and of love ;
He has sent this pain to make me
Fitter for His home above.
Hallelujah !
Help me now my faith to prove.

Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Who was crucified for me,
Stands beside my bed, and whispers,
" Bear this cross awhile for Me."
Hallelujah !
Blessed Lord, I rest on Thee.

God, the Holy Ghost, is with me,
Bringing soothing thoughts to mind,
Holy promises of Scripture,
Promises so good and kind.

Hallelujah !

Make me to Thy will resign'd.


Help me, Lord, to praise Thee always,
Even in the midst of pain :
If to Thee it draw me nearer,
All my sickness will be gain.

Hallelujah !

Lord, my fainting strength sustain.

Prayer.

"LET US LIFT UP OUR HEART WITH OUR HANDS UNTO GOD IN THE
HEAVENS."—*Lam. iii., 41.*

h, bend the knee in prayer, my child,
To God who reigns on high :
He sees you from His heavenly throne,
And loves you tenderly.

Pray for the pardon of your sins
Through Christ's most precious blood ;
Pray that each day you may become
More holy, pure, and good ;

That in His service you may spend
The precious days of youth,
Still walking in the pleasant ways
Of holiness and truth.

And tell Him all your hopes and fears,
Your little sorrows too :
He is the kindest comforter,
And He will comfort you.

Has He not bid you cast on Him
Your every grief and care ?
Then think no trifling pain too small
To bring to Him in prayer.

But pray not for yourself alone ;
Think of your parents dear,
Brothers and sisters, and kind friends,
Who love you, far and near.

For those who are in misery
With God your Father plead,
And for the poor who have no friend,
To help them in their need.

God knows the secrets of your heart,
He sees your every thought ;
And He will give you grace to pray
And serve Him as you ought.

The Beauty of Creation.

"AND GOD SAW EVERYTHING THAT HE HAD MADE, AND, BEHOLD,
IT WAS VERY GOOD."—Gen. I., 31.

The earth is full of blessing,
There's beauty everywhere;
And He who made the universe
Has made it good and fair.

The wild flowers in the hedge-row,
The blossoms on the trees,
The radiance of the summer sun,
The freshness of the breeze.

The hoar frost in the winter,
The crystals pure and bright,
Created in their loveliness
In one brief winter's night.

The mountains and the valleys,
The deep, unfathom'd sea,
With all its rippling waves that play
And dance about with glee.

There's beauty in the lightning
Which flashes quickly by,
And in the fleecy clouds that flit
Across the bright blue sky.

There's beauty in the lustre
Of every twinkling star ;
The colours of the rainbow, too,
How beautiful they are !

We gaze in silent wonder,
And murmur reverently,
" If this world is so very fair,
Oh, what must heaven be ! "

The Hidden Star.

"THOU DIDST HIDE THY FACE, AND I WAS TROUBLED."

—Psalm xxx., 7.

A child sat in a darken'd room,
Her heart was full of grief:
The bitter tears had ceased to flow;
They had not brought relief.

It seem'd as if no comforter
Could soothe her deep distress,
For death had visited that home,
And left her motherless.

Weary and spent, she tried to lift
Her heavy thoughts above;
But it was hard in that dark hour
To feel that "God is love."

She raised her eyes, and, lo, a star
Was twinkling through the gloom,
As if it fain would give some light
In that sad, cheerless room.

She look'd until a heavy cloud
Quite hid it from her sight ;
E'en then she knew the star was there,
Still giving forth its light.

She knew it still was shining on,
Though hidden from her view :
It was a type of love divine,
Obscured, yet ever true.

Though clouds may hide it for awhile,
The clouds of grief and sin,
God's children trust Him in the dark,
And they have peace within.

So to the heart of that young child
Came comfort from above :
The hidden star reminded her
To trust her Father's love.

And all things that we see around,
When rightly understood,
Might lead the mind to better thoughts,
And help us, if we would.

The Secret of Happiness.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."—Matt. v., 8.

We have false gods among us still,
To whom too many bow :
Beauty and wealth, and mental power,
These are our idols now.

Shadows they are of better things,
By those alone possess'd
Who see their Maker in His works,
And in His love are blest.

There are, to whom the simplest flower
Will yield a thrilling sense
Of pleasure such as Eve enjoy'd
In days of innocence.

The same in kind, but very far
Removed in its degree,
We cannot share her perfect bliss
Without her purity.

Oh, blessed are the pure in heart !
To them alone is given
To taste at once the joys of earth,
And the fair hope of heaven.

These are the *wealthy* ; for, in truth,
A talisman they hold,
Which, touching nature's common gifts,
Converts them into gold.

They have a *beauty* of their own,
Which time will not destroy,
And *talent* of the highest kind,—
The talent to enjoy.

Little Things.

"HE THAT CONTEMNETH SMALL THINGS SHALL FALL BY LITTLE
AND LITTLE."—Ecclesiasticus xix., 1.

“Oh, it is such a little thing,
It cannot be worth while !”
This is the enemy’s device,
Our spirits to beguile.

We do not know, we may not judge,
For, in our Saviour’s sight,
The golden gifts were counted poor
Beside the widow’s mite.

If flowers and mosses did not grow
As well as stately trees,
How much of pleasure we should miss
From little things like these !

And He who form’d the universe
Has made each insect’s wing
So marvellously beautiful,
And yet, “a little thing.”

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Praise.

"MY HEART GREATLY REJOICETH; AND WITH MY SONG WILL I
PRAISE HIM."—Psalm xxviii., 7.

Can you number the dew-drops,
Or waves on the sea?
So countless and varied
Are God's gifts to me.

No tongue can describe them;
The mind is too small,
And a life-time too short,
To consider them all.

He has given me life,
And a reasoning mind,
A home full of comfort,
And kindred so kind.

He has given me health,
And a body at ease,
With limbs strong and active,
To run where I please;

My speech and my hearing,
The blessing of sight,
A heart to be gladden'd
By everything bright ;

His Word, to prevent me
From going astray,
A lamp to my footsteps,
A light to my way ;

His sympathy always
In trouble and care,
The joy of His presence,
The comfort of prayer ;

The hope that hereafter
My spirit will be
From sin and from sorrow
For ever set free ;

These are mercies indeed,
But our Father has given
More proof of His love
Than the promise of heaven.

Unspeakable goodness !
He gave His own Son :
No gift may compare
With this marvellous one.

Let us think of it often
With reverent fear :
May it lead us to trust
For all needful things here !

And since of His mercy
No end can be found,
Since blessing and goodness
Encircle us round,

Let us spend in His service
The talents He lends,
And use to His glory
The gifts which He sends.

Honour Due to all Men.

"HONOUR ALL MEN."—1 Peter ii., 17.

Honour thy parents, and obey,
 For this is God's command :
 Give them what help is in thy power,
 With willing heart and hand.

Was not thy mother's smile the first
 That met thine infant gaze ?
 Was it not her dear voice that taught
 The words of prayer and praise ?

If any thought of danger near
 Thy childish heart alarms,
 Is not the safest place on earth
 Within a father's arms ?

Then never grieve them, but at once
 Their slightest wish obey :
 A parent's love and tenderness
 Thou never canst repay.

Honour the Queen, and all who bear
Rule and authority :
Remember that the powers below
Are order'd from on high.

See that thou reverence the poor,
For Jesus loves them well ;
In poverty, while here on earth,
He chose Himself to dwell.

And His disciples were not found
Among the rich or great :
Our Saviour has made poverty
An honourable state.

Respect the old man's hoary head,
His race will soon be run,
And if his road lead heavenward,
The crown is almost won.

To little children, like thyself,
Due honour must be given :
Are they not members of Christ's Church,
And heirs, through Him, of heaven ?

Then honour all men, even those
Who live in heathen lands :
Our Father loves them ; they were made
By His Almighty hands.

True Courage.

"THE FEAR OF THE LORD, THAT IS WISDOM."—Job xxviii, 28.

"Come, Charlie, come across the fields,
'Tis pleasanter by far,
And shorter too—oh, look how bright
Those purple hyacinths are !"

"No, Willie, think what mother said ;
She bade us go this way :
We must not choose another path—
'Tis safer to obey."

"Oh, you're afraid ! I would not be
So cowardly as you ;"
So saying, Willie crossed the stile,
And soon was out of view.

His brother kept the road—a tear
Dimm'd his blue eyes awhile ;
But some sweet thought within his heart
Soon changed it to a smile.

At night a fever seized the child,
And, ere a week had pass'd,
His spirit took its flight from earth :
That walk had proved his last.

Poor Willie found it hard to see
His darling brother's pain :
He tried to check the flowing tears—
He tried—but all in vain.

The little sufferer, smiling, said,
“ Dear Willie, do not cry ; ”
And added, with an earnest look,
“ I 'm not afraid to die.”

Oh, Christian children, would you be
In danger brave and strong ?
Then never fear to own yourselves
Afraid of doing wrong.

Light in the Distance.

"IT SHALL COME TO PASS, THAT AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE
LIGHT."—Zech. xiv., 7.

When a wearisome month of sickness
My spirit had quite depress'd,
I watch'd, with relief and pleasure,
The sun as he sank to rest.

Could it be that the soft bright colours,
Which tinted the western sky,
Reflected their own sweet image,
And gladden'd my mental eye?

Or was it that faith suggested,
In accents of calm repose,
"The clouds which obscure life's morning
Will brighten the day at its close?"

Yes, feelings like these might soothe me,
But I saw that my Father's hand
Had written in golden letters,
"There is light in the far off land."

The Law of Kindness.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."—Gal. vi, 2.

There is ever a cross in the happiest lot,
And a care in the lightest breast,
Some grief to be borne, though we see it not,
For this is no place of rest.

But the brightest spirits on earth are those
From whom self, that dark shadow, has flown,
Who, in striving to soften another's woes,
Are content to forget their own ;

Who are watching to give what help they may
To their fellow-pilgrims here,
And who seek, like the sun with its kindly ray,
The desolate hearth to cheer.

Oh ! a spirit like this has a foretaste indeed
Of the joy which is promised above,
When, from self's hard dominion eternally freed,
We shall live, like the angels, in love.

Daylight.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN."—Matt. v., 16.


Gentle, unobtrusive,
Is the morning light,
Stealing on the senses,
Gladdening the sight;
Pure, and sweet, and lovely,
Pleasant to the eyes,
Yet this daily blessing
We too little prize.

By the world unnoticed,
There are some who give
Light to all around them
By the life they live,—
Not by conscious effort,
Not by spoken word,
But by doing all things
As unto the Lord.

Little do they know it,
Little can *we* know,
What may be the value
Of our life below ;
Only let us humbly,
And without display,
Shine, as doth the daylight,
Each returning day.

The Word in Season.

"I THINK IT MEET, AS LONG AS I AM IN THIS TABERNACLE, TO
STIR YOU UP, BY PUTTING YOU IN REMEMBRANCE."—2 Peter i., 13.

 have seen the blacken'd embers
On our hearth grow cold and dead,
Till, when fann'd and stirr'd discreetly,
Rose the flame all bright and red.

So a kindly word in season
Oft will cheer a drooping heart,
And where cold and darkness linger'd,
Warmth and light again impart.


So a sharp reproof may kindle
 Into life the grace within,
Rousing into earnest struggles
 Souls that else had slept in sin.

Little words, if timely spoken,
 May awaken thoughts of good
That lay slumbering in the bosom,
 Scarcely felt or understood.

Who can measure all the blessing,
 All the good that we might do,
If we stirr'd the gift within us,
 And aroused our brethren too?

The Little Orphan.

"GOD IS LOVE."—1 John iv., 16.

ne sweet April morning early
Little Edward ran to play,
And his heart was glad within him,
For it was a holiday.

Merrily the birds were singing,
Everything in nature smiled,
And the world seem'd fair and pleasant
To the happy little child.

Garden flowers were all around him,
And, beneath, the velvet lawn,
Not a cloud in heaven above him,
On that bright and sunny morn.

Long and merrily he gamboll'd,
Till his mother he espied
Kindly coming forth to meet him ;
Then he hasten'd to her side.

"Dear Mama, I am so happy!"

On her boy the mother smiled,
Saying, as she kiss'd him fondly,
"God is love, my precious child."

* * * *

Quickly pass'd the spring and summer,
Chilly winds began to blow,
Clouds had gather'd, leaves were falling,
And the flowers were fading too.

In a chamber dark and silent
Edward's mother now was laid:
She was dying, and beside her
He had wept, and watch'd, and pray'd.

"Oh," he murmur'd, broken-hearted,
"If our Father loves us still,
Why am I so full of sorrow?
Why are you, Mama, so ill?"

The poor dying mother feebly
Pointed to the heaven above,

And she summon'd strength to whisper,
"Trust Him, Edward,—' God is love.'"

Often little Edward ponder'd
Those lastwords his mother said ;
Often in the holy volume
She had loved so well, he read.

Often, when his heart was aching,
He would kneel alone to pray,
Till the sad and lonely feeling
Seem'd to pass, in prayer, away.

Then he found that pain and trouble,
If it lift our hearts above,
Even more than other blessings
Prove our God a God of love.

The Christian Warfare.

"TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I GRANT TO SIT WITH ME IN MY THRONE, EVEN AS I ALSO OVERCAME, AND AM SET DOWN WITH MY FATHER IN HIS THRONE."—Rev. III., 21.

“To him that overcometh,” is the promise
only given,
Not to the weak, faint-hearted souls who have
but feebly striven,
Not to the wavering, or the false, who parley
with their foe,
And in temptation’s dangerous way perversely
love to go.

“To him that overcometh,” to the soldier
strong and brave
Who fights against the tyrant sin, and will not
be its slave ;
Who dares not lay aside his arms till death shall
set him free,
And God shall place upon his head the crown
of victory.

“To him that overcometh,”—Lord, who can
then be saved?

Such enemies on every side, such perils to be
braved!

Our hearts would sink within us, but we know
Thy mighty power,

And Thou hast promised to be near in every
trying hour.

“To him that overcometh, as I also over-
came;”

That thought must animate our hearts, for
(blessed be Thy name!)

Thou hast contended with our foes, and if we
lean on Thee,

Thy mighty arm will bear us through, and give
us victory!

Confidence in God.

"TRUST YE IN THE LORD FOR EVER: FOR IN THE LORD JEHOVAH
IS EVERLASTING STRENGTH."—Isaiah xvi., 4.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever,
Let Him be your strength and stay ;
Earthly friends may die, or leave you,
All things earthly fade away.
But the heart that trusts in Jesus
Will not faint, whate'er betide :
It has strength for any season,
Peace, however sorely tried,—

Peace, the fruit of full dependance
On our gracious God above,
When we feel our utter weakness,
And can trust His perfect love.
When we know He watches o'er us
With a Father's tender care,
And the trials He may order
He will give us strength to bear.

This alone can give us comfort
When the darkness gathers round ;
Thus we may resist the tempter,
Standing firm on holy ground.
Trusting in the Lord for ever,
Walking in the narrow way,
Light in darkness will be given,
For His love knows no decay.

The Spring.

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."—John xi., 25.

The tree may lose its summer leaves,
No sign of life remain ;
But wait awhile, the breath of spring
Will make it live again.

I put a seed (it look'd quite dead)
Within my garden ground,
And in its place, one sunny day,
A beauteous flower I found.


So when the friends we love are laid
Within their churchyard bed,
They rest in Christ's own garden now :
They will not long be dead.

A better spring than we have seen
Will give them life and breath ;
For Christ, the sun of righteousness,
Can break the bonds of death.

Oh, happy day ! oh, blessed Lord !
May we but sleep in Thee,
And then awake to praise Thy name
Through all eternity !

The Power of Gentleness.

"THE SERVANT OF THE LORD MUST NOT STRIVE; BUT BE GENTLE
UNTO ALL MEN."—2 Tim., ii. 24.

 saw a streamlet sleeping
Beneath stern winter's reign;
It seem'd no power could wake it
To life and mirth again.
The north wind roar'd and whistled,
The angry storm raged loud;
But still unmoved the streamlet
Slept in its wintry shroud.

At last the wind was weary,
The tempest pass'd away;
There came a little sunbeam,
And on the streamlet lay,—
A whisper from the south wind,
A breath quite soft and low;
But, see! the stream has heard it,
The melting waters flow.

Such is the power of meekness,
Of gentle words and ways ;
Then who in loud contention
Would spend his useless days ?
The heart that coldness hardens,
That anger cannot move,
Will often heed the whisper
Of gentleness and love.

